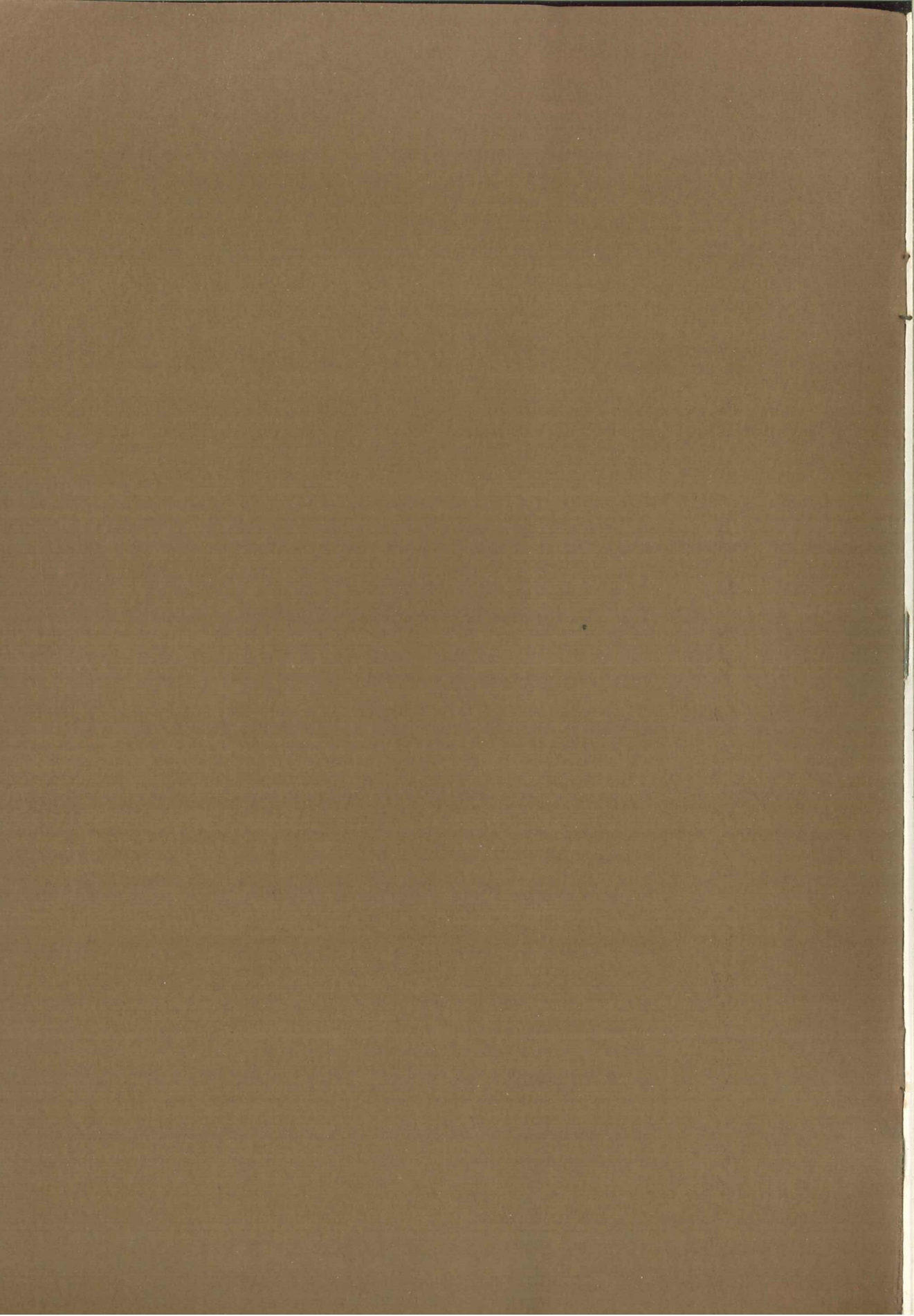




Firth
PRESENTS





Firth

PRESENTS _____

INTERNATIONAL
Hooked
FLOOR COVERINGS

IN a pioneering effort to discover patterns for reproduction in a series of "hooked" rugs which should be genuinely new, Firth — through its representatives — literally went on a pilgrimage of inspiration. This book presents, in picture and text, the fascinating fruits of that world-girdling journey both in space and time.

THE *Firth* CARPET COMPANY
295 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

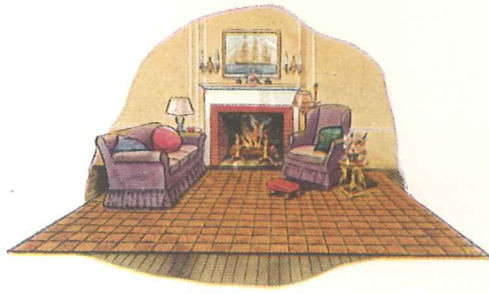


Where the Quest for **BEAUTY** *Led*

IRULY has it been said that, in its patterning, a rug is a human document wherein are recorded the joys and sorrows, the loves and hates, the beliefs and triumphs and disappointments of its designer; that the rug itself constitutes a composite "picture" of these things, translated into wool. Thus, figuratively speaking, we scratch a motif and draw blood.

Recognizing, in the face of the steadily growing popularity of the "hooked" rug, the crying need for interesting provincial designs which should be not mere further repetitions from the same restricted source of inspiration, but which should mirror this homely art as it was practised the world over in an elder day, Firth's representatives penetrated into remote corners of the earth. After months of patient search, aided by an occasional happy accident, they returned with the collection of masterpieces of peasant handicraft shown in re-creation in these pages.

Roving the world around — from the sea-lashed coasts of Nova Scotia to the seldom-visited mountain fastnesses of Tibet, land of mystery — these representatives met with many a strange and fascinating adventure, often not unmingled with personal danger, and uncovered more than one tender or tragic story woven, as it were, into the very texture of the patterns they found. This book records some of these adventures of discovery and relates a few of the romances symbolized in the rugs themselves which are now made available to you.



*Firth Now Gives You This Fresh Beauty for the Floors of **YOUR** Home*

THE romance of discovery ended with the assembling of the originals at the Firth mills; thereafter the romance of reproducing them began. Since many of the examples date back a century or two, or even more, during the course of which they had been subjected to "adventures" of their own, Firth designers had before them months of painstaking study leading to faithful reconstruction of the original beauty of color and design. When, at length, these pious labors were completed — labors which involved in some cases profound research into racial history and legend — many months more were required in laboratory, in dye house and in weaving rooms before these quaint patterns and unusual colors emerged in the form of finished rugs.

But now they are here! And, as a result, you have within your reach for the first time utterly new decorative vehicles with which to confer fresh and tasteful originality upon the floors of your home.

A study of the patterns in this book will show you at once that the styles are so infinitely varied that examples can be found to harmonize effectively with almost every type of home furnishing; that these rugs are by no means limited in use to an early American decoration. There is indeed almost no period style with which one or more patterns will not blend ideally. Moreover, there are patterns and colors which will be found suitable for every room in the home, including the living room, the dining room, the bedrooms.

It remains only to be said that the construction of these rugs — the actual woven texture — is equal in brilliance to the patterns they bear. They are finely loomed in the long-wearing, fadeless, "Sun-Joy" Axminster quality, with a pile deep enough to be soft underfoot and at the same time to do full justice to the designs. As with all Firth rugs and carpets, these "hooked" floor coverings are made of Sanitized Wool, an exclusive Firth process for your protection.

Having studied the patterns shown in this book, and enjoyed the stories of how they were obtained, you will of course wish to see and feel the rugs themselves in the fabric. Floor-covering dealers everywhere are now featuring Firth's International "Hooked" floor coverings, in both rugs and carpets. They cordially invite you, through these pages, to pay them a visit. To do so will be to convince yourself — especially in view of their surprisingly moderate cost — that *your* home deserves the fresh decorative beauty that one or more of these charming patterns can give it.

The story of how the

FINDING OF AN UNUSUAL HOME-WOVEN RUG

inspired ***THE HALIFAX HOOK**

SUNDOWN of the third cold, fruitless day of search brought a Firth artist from Cape Sable, along the southern coast of Nova Scotia, to the eternally sea-beaten town of Yarmouth, the rugged character of the country following him to the very door of the fisherman's cottage where it had been suggested he spend the night.



to the "guest room" of this simple cottage. In a few moments sleep shut out the cares of the day.

A bright revealing morning sun awakened our treasure seeker, and quickened his pulse, for there, glowing in the morning light was a hooked rug of most unusual character! Getting down on his knees, he examined it closely. Here indeed was a find!

Once inside, the hospitable coziness warmed his soul and the colorful bits of handcraftsmanship which glowed against the background of the sturdily hewn interior fired his imagination.

After a dinner which was a revelation to the palate, he recalled the purpose of his journey and he broached the subject to the rugged couple—his hosts for the night.

Did they know of any one among their acquaintances who might have something interesting in embroidery, a bit of weaving, perhaps, or a home-made rug which he might see with a view to purchasing?

These modest, self-effacing people, like so many of their countrymen whom he had previously questioned, could suggest nothing more inspiring than a visit to the local dry goods store.

Discouraged somewhat and certainly tired and weary, our artist asked for his bed. He followed the island of light that surrounded his host as he mounted the creaking stairs

It was woven with extreme care—the colors were blended with courage and dexterity and the evenness of the workmanship convinced our artist it was the product of a natural old-time craftsman.

Would they part with this treasure? The thought that they might not caused him to pause.

Inquiry brought forth that this rug was a cherished heirloom of the husband's family, made many years ago by his great-grandmother. It was the first luxury the family had indulged in after its early struggles of the hard pioneer days of home making. It was regarded with something akin to reverence, and nothing would persuade them to part with it permanently. Finally, however, in their homely kindness they agreed that he could take it for a time for reproduction, in the Firth line of INTERNATIONAL HOOKED floorcoverings, but only under such guarantee as would protect an Emperor's ransom.

* Serial Sun-Joy 24 in Firth's International Hook reproductions.



The Halifax

This design, taken from an original owned by a Yarmouth fisherman, is characteristic of the strength of the sea and its sturdy people and notwithstanding its frankly crude coloring, the elemental urge for beauty is equally apparent and typifies the unpretentious environment of the fisherman's cottage.

The story of the **FINDING OF**
A RARE ANTIQUE *which inspired*
***THE DOWN EASTER**

TANDEM HOUSE in Salem is a landmark dating from long before the witch burnings. Its weather-beaten boards have seen a thousand wild seas die upon the nearby shore, and its window eyes have looked out upon a thriving town in a newly explored land which later developed into a place of terror—each man suspecting his neighbor of witchcraft. Time and again the frightful smoke of witchfires has drifted in through the unpretentious door of Tandem House, and its roof, which sheltered from heat and storm, has heard many generations of childish footsteps grow to shuffling old age,—and finally, the moving away of its last occupants many years ago.

As the years advanced the poor old house took on a more uncertain reputation. Recently when the government subsidies to the Historical Society of Massachusetts turned attention once more to this quaint old landmark, which, being one of the oldest houses in Salem—pure in its quaint architecture—was judged a worthy subject for preserva-



tion. Government architects, while examining the house, preparatory to starting work, came upon a hidden stairway leading to a secret compartment built up under the roof—apparently a hideaway for some member of the original family who was suspected of witchcraft during the witch burnings and fanatical persecutions in Plymouth Colony in 1692—over two hundred and forty years ago.

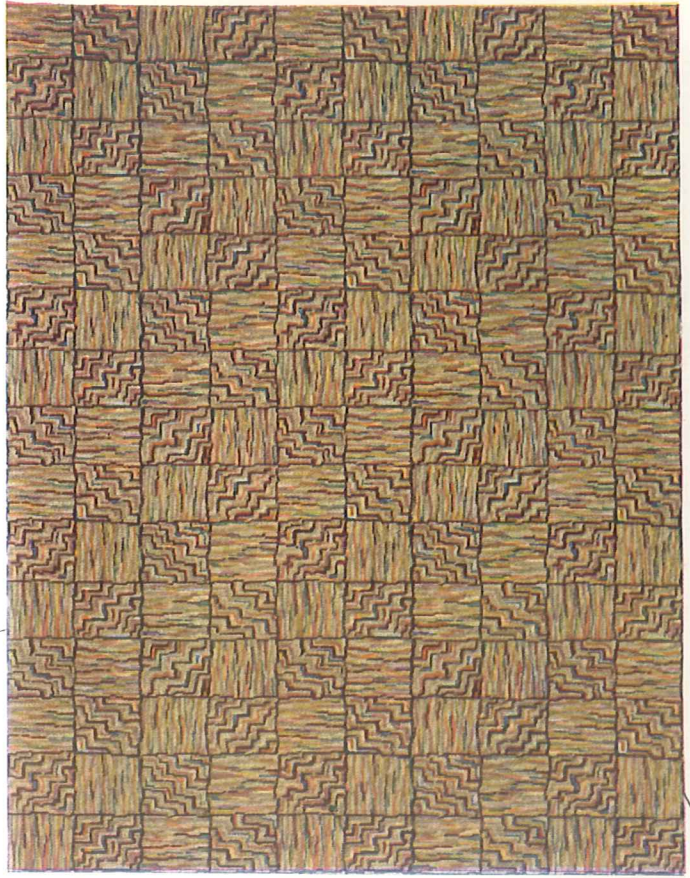
Let us hope the refugee escaped the fiery death!

Within this compartment was a bed, chair, some dishes and the only sign of luxury—a beautiful hooked rug upon the floor. It was well preserved, and careful cleaning completely restored its color and texture.

Whether the unhappy prisoner fabricated this rug during her time of hiding will never be known.

Firth, after tedious negotiation with the present owners of this antique, has been able to utilize it as the inspiration for its interesting reproduction "The Down Easter."

* Serial Sun-Joy 25 in Firth's International Hook reproductions.



Tandem House in Old Salem

The story of the **FINDING OF** **AN ANTIQUE CEREMONIAL EMBROIDERY** *which inspired* ***THE TINOSIAN ISLE**

LEGEND substantiated by archeological study, has established the island of Tinos, off the coast of Greece, as the site of the main temples of a now long extinct sect of beauty worshippers. Their cult, which was founded upon the principle that any expression of beauty should be venerated, had a ritual which was attended by ceremonials of great magnificence in which beautiful maidens and youths took part. The few fragments of their robes, vestments and sacrificial utensils now in museums, show an amazing skill of craftsmanship and a deep sense of the beautiful.

In 1854 Sir Charles Keating led an expedition under the auspices of Oxford University to the island and unearthed many treasures dating back to and evidently utilized by these people in the practice of their cult.

This was the last organized attempt to bring to light the beautiful mysteries of this ancient isle, so famed for the green marble which forms its heart.

The present inhabitants of Tinos are superstitious and not at all interested in discussing the site of these ancient temples or the people who built them and are specially careful to stay away from them after dark.

It was in the hope that he might secure some overlooked piece of art that brought a Firth representative to this island.

His fruitless inquiry from the natives was regarded with suspicion, so undauntedly leaving the little coast town behind him, he pushed on, guideless, through the underbrush toward the still producing quarries from which these vanished people had taken the marble for their temples.

Glinting through the trees he could see the ruins ahead!

But he did not want to spend the night there and walking as rapidly as the underbrush would permit, in no particular direction until, just before nightfall, he saw a light.

It came from a cabin built of wood and fragments of marble from one of the ruins. He knocked! It seemed that hours passed



before the door was haltingly opened. In the doorway, framed in a square of light, stood a very, very old man of distinguished bearing.

The old gentleman addressed his caller in Greek and then, seeing that he did not understand, he asked in English "Are you English or American,—French; perhaps?" "American, Sir," answered the Firth man in relief.

"Come in."

After mutual introductions it developed that the old man was a member of Sir Charles' expedition who, falling in love with the ruins and believing they contained much of value as yet untouched, chose to stay and carry on his researches alone. Unable to obtain any cooperation from the natives, he continued his quest unaided.

"Have you ever found anything?" asked the traveler. This request brought forth from a large chest, many ancient utensils, some of alabaster—some of beaten metals set with semi-precious stones—a few fragments of furnishings and, above all, a piece of gossamer linen so handsomely embroidered as to bring gasps of amazement from the traveler.

Noticing the enrapt gaze of his visitor the old man said "Yes, I regard that as my most valuable find. Rarely does a fabric retain its beauty and true character for so many years. This piece, evidently part of a virgin's ceremonial robe, was preserved by being hidden in a vault in which a vacuum had been created by the settling of the ruins."

As to how the Firth representative took the old man to Athens with his treasures;—the tedious negotiating with the Greek Bureau of Antiquities and the ultimate lending of the fabric for copy to the Firth Carpet Company as an inspiration for the "Tinosian Isle" pattern would over-lengthen the telling of our adventure.

Suffice to say that this beautiful rug is a worthy art adaptation of the romantic design which inspired it.



The Tinosian Isle

The famous green marble, which is the heart of this idyllic island of Tinos in the Mediterranean Sea, contributed its character to this truly lovely design adapted from a community-owned piece of Tinosian embroidery made by a craftsman long dead. The design reflects the ever changing restless sea with its gold, lyric greens and sapphire blue, accentuated by exotic blossoms enclosed within interlaced basketwork squares.

The story of a
SEAMAN'S TREASURE *which furnished the*
inspiration for ***THE DOVER HOOK**

THE youngest son of seven stalwart boys, with which the Lord blessed the Vicar of a little cliff-clinging English village, chose the sea.

All the efforts and pleadings of his doting father to persuade this favorite son to follow a profession or to develop his artistic talent,—and take up life on shore were of no avail and the unhappy father, knowing the fickleness of Mother Sea, sadly watched his son's ship sail down the horizon.

Years of exciting and dangerous voyage were behind the sailor when he finally returned to his home. His father was dead and his family scattered. Permanently crippled by an accident before the mast he could no longer do heavy active work, so an old love of the artistic and beautiful began to demonstrate itself.

How those poor, old, gnarled hands could turn out the beautiful work for which he was responsible was a marvel to those who knew him. He maintained himself well and even had enough over to establish a ship-like little home where he kept open house for old seafarers like himself, now ashore to rest.

People came from long distances to procure pieces of his handcraft—quaint carved ship models and choicely made hooked rugs,



fashioned in unusual designs, symbolic of the sea. There was one piece in particular which attracted the eye of every prospective purchaser but with which he would never part. It was one of his first efforts and the one he considered his best. It had moons, stars and other things the sailor sees on summer nights at sea. The balance and charm of the design was at once apparent and eager buyers went away disappointed by his refusal to sell it.

But man proposes and God disposes.

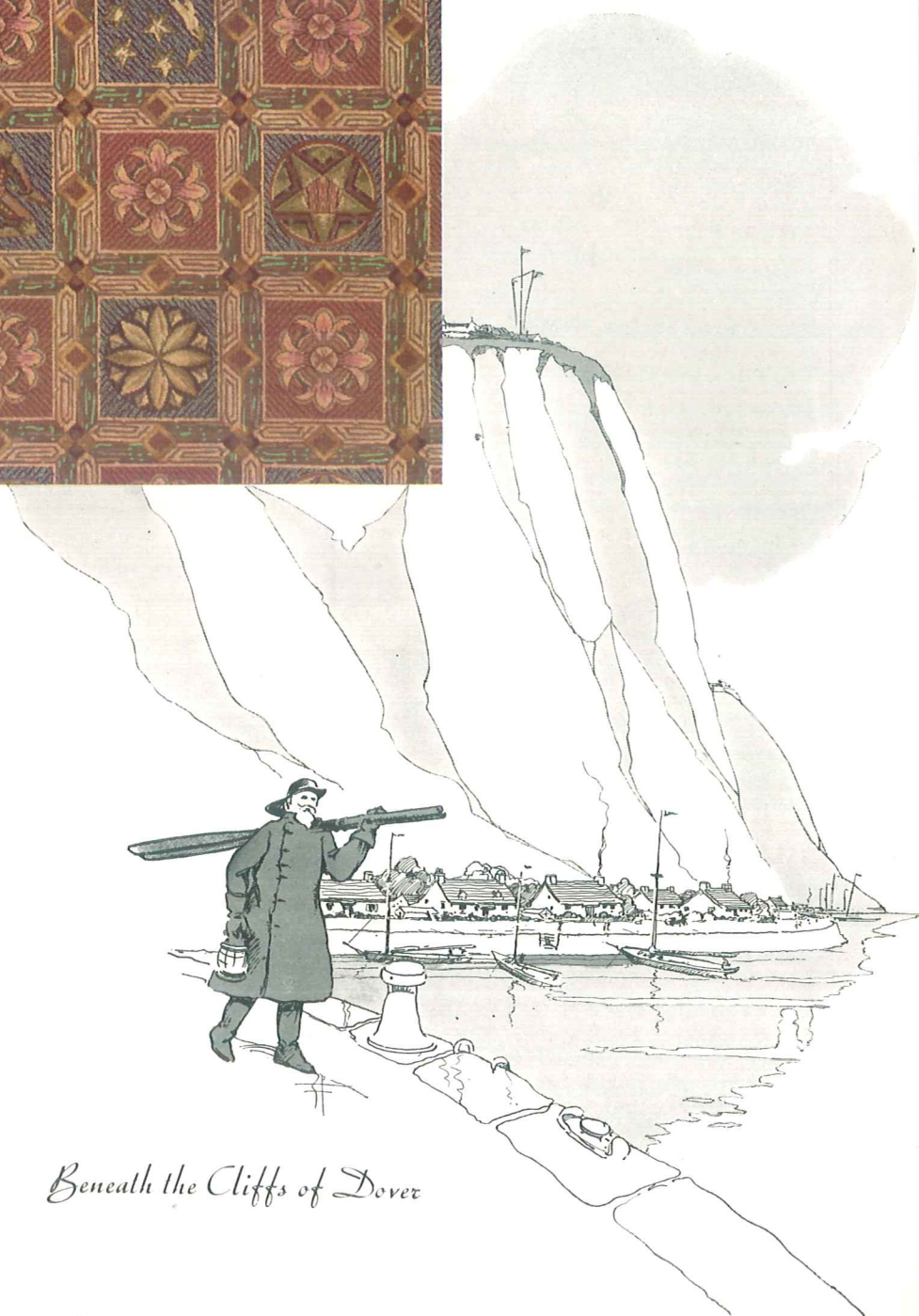
The old sailor passed away and he left such of the world's chattels with which he was blessed to the maintenance of the "Little Harbor" as he so fondly called the sailor's refuge which he had established.

With no money coming in, a few years sufficed to eat up what was left and it became necessary to dispose of the place and all it contained.

A Firth representative, ever searching for the unusual and beautiful for Firth's International Hooked floorcovering group, was most gratified to obtain the sailor's most prized possession—the hooked rug he had so long refused to sell.

You will find its intriguing design beautifully expressed in the Firth reproduction known as "The Dover Hook."

* Serial Sun-Joy 32 in Firth's International Hook reproductions.



Beneath the Cliffs of Dover

The story of how the **FINDING**
OF A COVETED WOVEN TREASURE
inspired ***THE ZAGORA**

THE disturbed political situation which seems to be the inheritance of the Balkan States has been brought about by widely divergent causes and due to political strife, class hatred and personal corruption, the flames of mob violence frequently leap forth.

A case touching directly upon the latter cause came to the notice of a Firth artist assigned to Central Europe. He had taken up residence in a small town located in the center of the territory noted for its fine handcraft and beautiful embroideries.

Several days were spent without procuring anything of great interest and, aside from enjoying the quaint natural and architectural scenery, he had profited little.

As is the case with the older Balkan towns, this one was built around a nucleus of ancient villas—some in ruins—others beautifully kept and inhabited by the wealth and nobility of the region.

It would be impossible, even for a stranger, not to have noticed the undercurrent of unrest among the people and during the third afternoon of his visit, muttering and whispering groups broke before the police but reformed when they had passed. Something was in the air! That night was wet and raw and shortly after retiring, the visitor was awakened by the shouts of people running by his window. He arose and looked out. The sky in the direction of the villas was aglow. Shots rang out and sounds of desperate strife filled the night.

He dressed hastily and following the excited villagers, was soon on the fringe of a wild, disorderly mob of people being forced



back by the police from a stately building through which roared a devastating inferno. It was one of the more beautiful villas, which he remembered having admired during his inspection of the town.

Such a scene of wild passions and useless destruction unnerved him and he hastened back to shelter.

In the morning he inquired of his hotel-keeper what had happened and after being furtively taken aside, was told that the villa was the home established by "a certain official" for his lady love! Apparently this official had proceeded with a connoisseur's eye and calm impudence to furnish this beautiful "love nest" with the public funds and had even pillaged a great museum of rare examples of peasant art to gratify the whims of his mistress.

The occurrence of the night was the people's answer to such corruption.

The following morning when the Firth representative revisited the still-smoking ruins, local salvagers were busy digging out partly burned furniture, draperies and clothes and one searcher was observed holding up to the light a burned fragment of a masterpiece of beautiful peasant weaving. It was only a pitiful fragment, but he lost no time in bargaining for it.

It is reproduced faithfully in Firth's International Hooked Floorcoverings and the pattern is "The Zagora."

Thus, born from the ruins of national strife, and frail, but ruthless human passions, comes the inspiration for this beautiful rug.

* Serial Sun-Joy 27 in Firth's International Hook reproductions.



The Jagora

The original of this unusual design was discovered in the partly burned villa of a certain foreign official's lady love. It is said that with a connoisseur's eye, he had pillaged this rare example of peasant weaving from the National Museum, to gratify the whims of his mistress. The bizarre charm of this textile and its pagan colorings, mellowed by time, have been effectively reproduced.

The story of the **FINDING**
OF THE RARE HOOKED RUG *which was the*
inspiration of ***JUNE DAYS**

DURING Sherman's devastating march to the sea, many of the old Southern families hid their household treasures in any way possible to keep them from being seized or destroyed by the ruthless Northern armies.



Some had their slaves bury this treasure in great chests, and others in their haste and fear hid such as they could not take away, in the family vaults! When peace was proclaimed they intended to return to their homes and reclaim these valuables.

The particular family with which we are concerned never did return. The ravages of war and general misfortune practically wiped them out of existence and the blackened ruins of their plantation houses were left, undisturbed, until about 1900 when some surveyors, seeking title to the property, sought out such members of the original family as they might be heirs.

Diligent search brought forth several distant cousins and the upshot of it was that a long drawn out legal battle ensued for possession of the land. Genealogists who inspected the family vaults in the interests of some of the litigants discovered that several of the chambers were sealed up without epitaphs as to the remains contained.

Through the broken corner of one of these chambers they peered and were surprised to see the gleam of silver. Their curiosity got the best of them and they pried out the slab

of marble. Within this tomb and in several others later examined was found the family treasure hidden away during the Civil War!

Less than a year ago the slow processes of law settled the estate and this long cached parcel was put up for auction. Family silver, china and such linen as was not destroyed by mold and age were offered by the auctioneer.

A Firth artist who watched the impersonal disposition of this much prized property musingly realized that these things might have been the lovingly tendered gifts to some charming bride of yesterday, gleaming in the soft June morning as they graced the table at her wedding breakfast.

He was brought from his musings by seeing the man take from a chest a magnificent hooked rug. It was as delicate and soft as a summer breeze and beautifully worked and colored in an unusual flower and leaf pattern. He had never seen a hooked rug like it before.

Evidently the avid audience was equally interested for it was only after the most spirited competition that the heirloom was "knocked down" to him at a figure very flattering to the person who had lavished so much care and skill upon its creation.

Firth has faithfully reproduced this beautiful design, in character and color, and it can be seen in "The June Days" hooked pattern of the International Hook Group.

* Serial Sun-Joy 33 in Firth's International Hook reproductions.



June Days

From a great, iron bound chest of family treasure, secreted in the plantation burial vault during Sherman's march to the sea, and after long litigation only recently released for sale, came the amazingly fabricated rug which was the design source of this beautiful reproduction. Its design being as cleanly fresh and softly beautiful as the mellow June morning it startled the auctioneer's audience. Firth deemed it appropriate to name this unusual reproduction "June Days."

The Story of

WOVEN TREASURE which furnished the

inspiration for *THE COTTAGE



It is the granddaughter of Derek White, a stern and unbending pioneer New Englander, around whom this pathetic adventure revolves.

From the very founding of the colony, he was looked upon as a leader and a pillar of strength by his comrades. In his household it was only natural that the very letter as well as the spirit of the stern laws were observed, no matter how heavily their burdens might weigh upon his loved ones.

His favorite granddaughter, a beautiful blonde girl, showed disconcerting signs of an independence of spirit from a very early age. Her evident love of bright colors and an unquenchable desire to laugh and be gay, even on the holy sabbath day, was the cause of many sharp reprimands and tears.

As she grew older and blossomed into beautiful womanhood the problem of how to deal with her became more acute. She would profanely wear a gay little nosegay upon the bodice of her sombre, sabbath attire and frequently, during the day, she would break into lilting laughter or happy song. Her most outstanding breach of the accepted code and the one that brought down upon her head the wrath of the governing council, occurred during the annual feast, given during the harvest by the colonists for their savage neighbors, the Indians.

A long table was set up in the meeting house and the men of the colony sat down with the Indian braves to a bountiful feast prepared by the wives of the settlers and their daughters. It was an accepted rule that the women, while in the presence of the savages, moved with downcast eyes and modest mein. It was only natural that these prim people would be shocked when they saw the granddaughter of Derek White look with languorous, smiling eyes into the completely fascinated orbs of a handsome young savage, but it took their later discovery of her in his strong arms as they stood in the light of the suddenly unveiled moon, to overwhelm them completely.

The matter was immediately brought to the attention of her grand-sire and a special meeting of the governing council was called for the day following the feast. A long and bitter session ended

with the decision that the fair transgressor should be kept in the town stocks, a prisoner, for a period of two weeks, with a sign stating the nature of her offence.

On the second night of her humiliating punishment her guard was overcome and she was carried away into the primeval forest by the young brave she had looked upon with favor. Her independence of spirit manifested itself at once and with characteristic determination she adapted herself to the customs of the Indians and became the happy squaw of her rescuer.

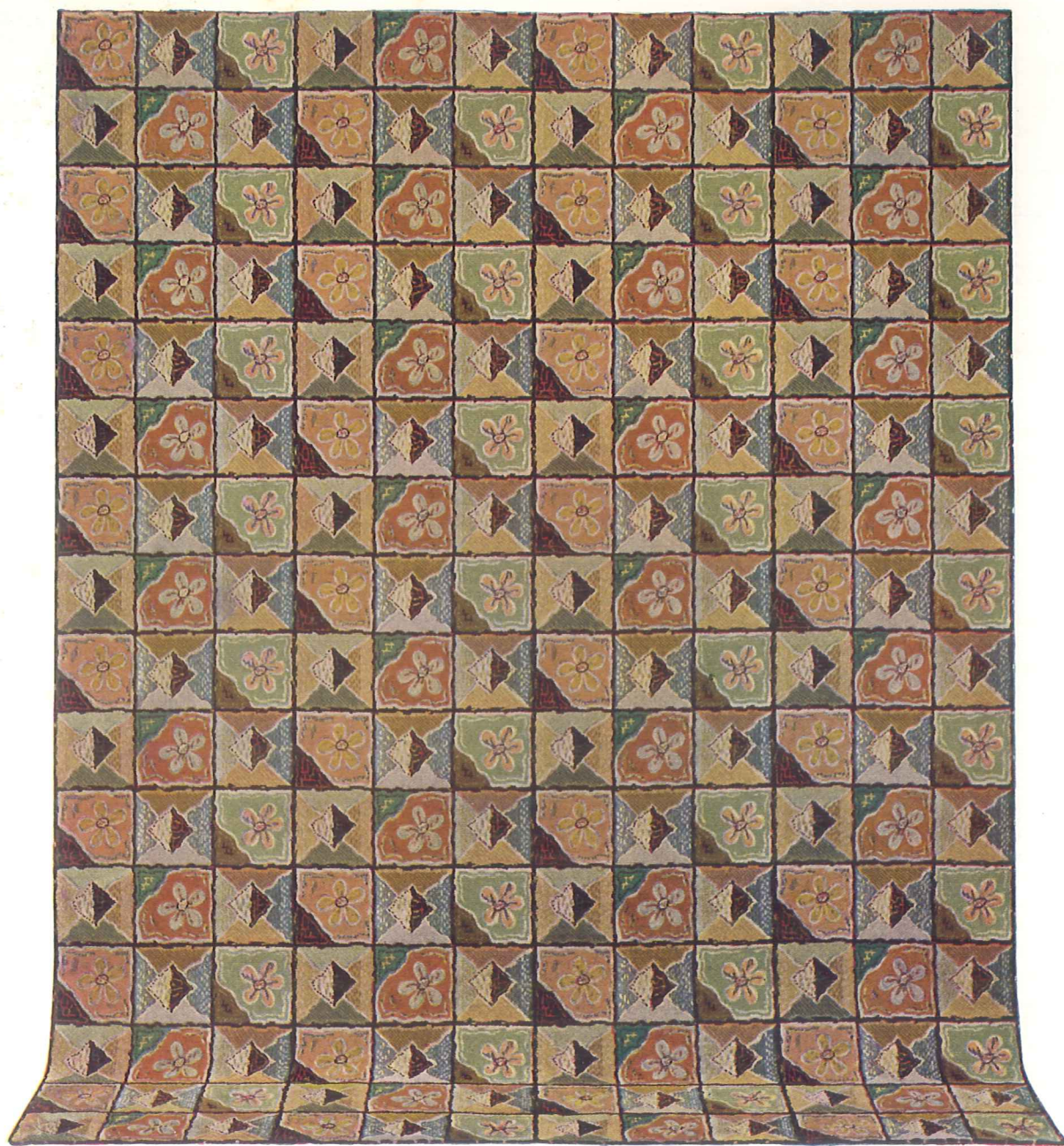
She reveled in this new freedom and indulged herself in her love of color and beauty—furnishing her wigwam and fashioning her garments with all the loveliness and charm her clever hands could accomplish. When the time came for her to “walk into the sunset” she did not die but became a tender legend of the countryside.

Substantiated tradition has it that it was her hands which created the beautiful hooked rug that has come down to us in much of its original beauty and which served as the design inspiration for “THE COTTAGE” of the International Hooked floorcovering group.

In order to make a convincing reproduction of this unique piece it was necessary for Firth to create special roving yarns to give the subtlety of texture that is one of the outstanding beauties of the original. Age had worked miracles with the old potboiled vegetable and animal dyes and much patient experimentation and research was necessary before a successful reproduction of the fascinating color tones of the original piece was developed.

“THE COTTAGE” design reincarnates the charm and appeal of the original antique to grace the home of the beauty-loving housewife of today.

* Serial Sun-Joy 29 in Firth's International Hook reproductions.



The Collage

Many generations of sturdy feet have trod the surface of the original of this rough hewn provincial hook design — and the owner's appreciation of its elemental beauty is shown by its careful preservation over a long period of years. The crude facilities of farm house laundering have served to mellow the strong vegetable dyes and to blend the shadings of the various fragments of cloth and homespun yarn which have been worked together in the tedious construction of the original piece.

The story of **HOW A RARE** **BIT OF MOORISH WEAVING** *furnished the* *inspiration for* ***THE MOOR**

WHEN Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain settled down to the business of building up their country, devastated and impoverished by their exertions in expelling the Moorish invaders, they found, in the loot left behind, much gold and silver, precious metals and great quantities of military equipment and stores. Such things were turned to immediate profit and the reconstruction of the country began.



However, there was much spoil, the value of which could not be quickly realized and which included silks, furniture, screens, pottery, pieces of embroidery, rugs, etc., left behind by the luxury-loving Moors.

Queen Isabella, a keen judge of values and who, incidentally, financed Columbus in his voyage of discovery, had this portion of the treasure brought to Seville where after weeks of careful listing and appraisal, it was stored away carefully in one of the many villas built by the invaders during the time of their occupancy.

During the ensuing years, Seville was the scene of many uprisings. The new Spain was undergoing the pains of rebirth. Records were destroyed—Isabella died and her successor's successor passed away.

Each passing day confused and gradually dissipated any authentic information as to where the treasure lay hidden and eventually it was forgotten altogether.

History marches on and Spain counts her centuries of growth and decline.

Alphonso the thirteenth is deposed!

Spain becomes a Republic!

The cataloguing of the Royal holdings brings forth quantities of unbelievable riches. Besides the works of art in paintings and sculpture; enormously valuable jewels, caches of silver, gold and priceless laces and embroideries come to light, showing the enormous price Spain paid for the pageantry of royalty.

The appraisers finally reach an unused building, in the oldest section of Seville. It

is so old that it is doubtful if the late reigning house knew of its existence. Its grated windows had been boarded up for longer than the oldest inhabitants could remember and there was a legend

that its construction dated back to the Moorish invasion. After workmen had removed the window boards and pried open the heavily studded door the committee began its examination. Within, they found the once beautifully tiled courtyard littered with debris and the dirt of centuries.

All the rooms were empty—excepting one at the back of the building, the door of which was finally broken down and a musty gray smell smote their nostrils.

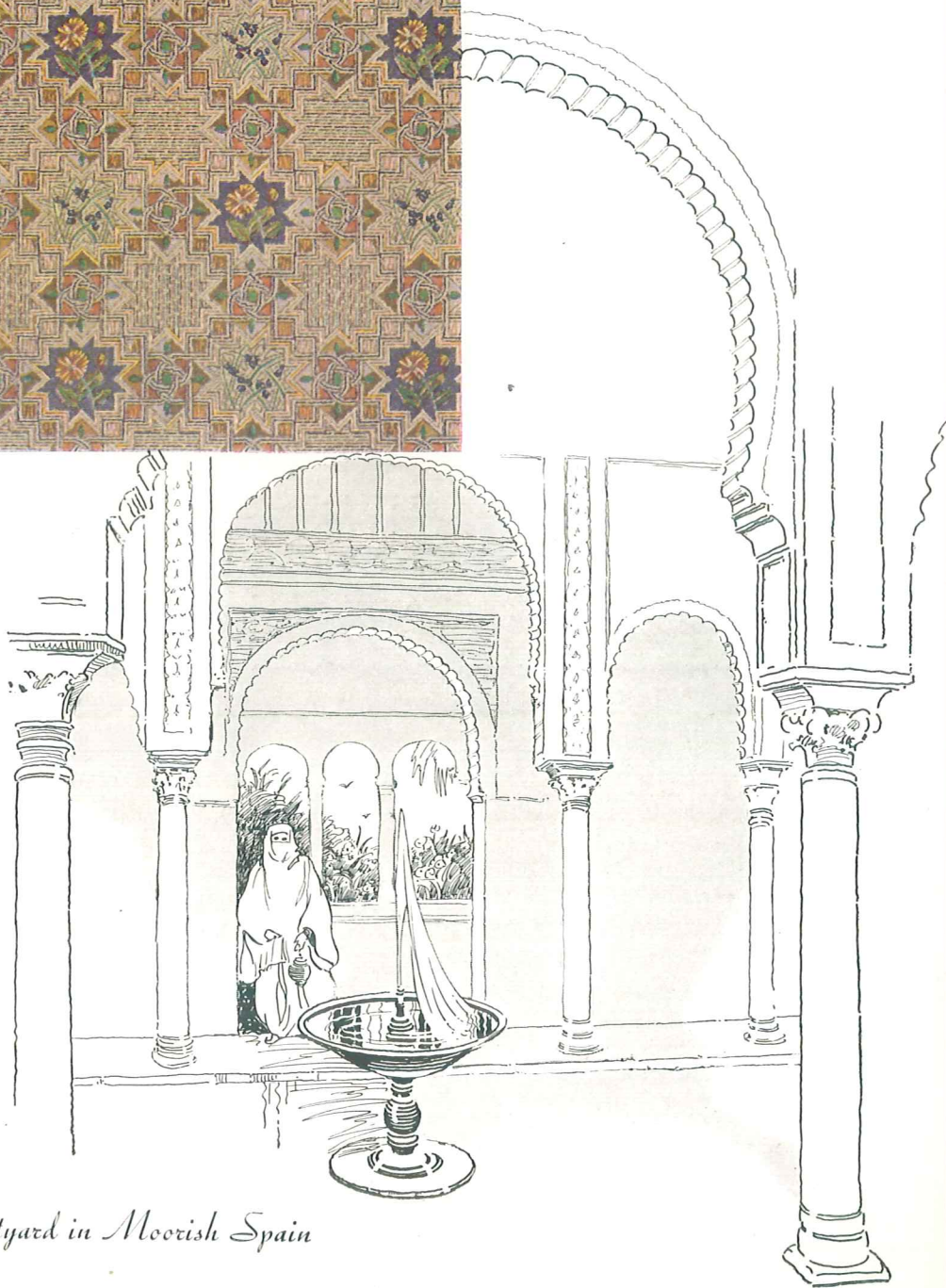
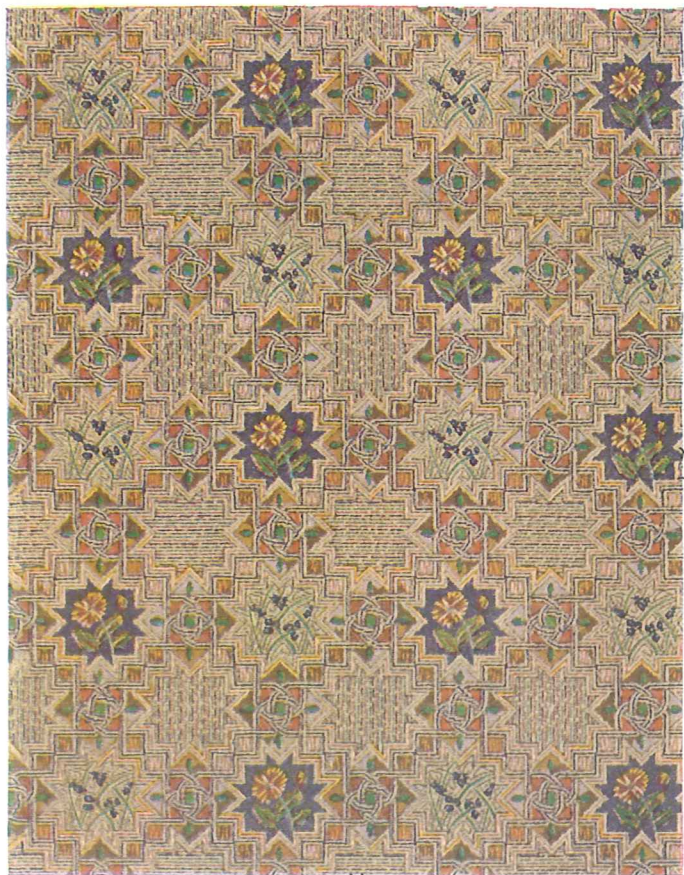
Here they found great bales of rugs, cases of silks and cloth-of-gold. Embroideries and other handcraft were there in profusion. The bewildered committee took days to come to the end of this priceless and forgotten treasure.

Subsequent investigation disclosed that this was the villa which Queen Isabella had designated as the store house for the spoils of victory, centuries before!

The practical viewpoint of new Spanish government caused many of these rare antiques to be placed on the market and on a recent day, in the commercial quarter of Madrid, before a connoisseurean audience from many parts of the world, this ancient horde was sold.

The Firth representative obtained, after spirited bidding, the extremely rare bit of Moorish workmanship which was the inspiration for "The Moor" design in the Firth collection of International Hooked rug designs.

This design is most unusual in that it expresses the significant uniting of the Moorish and Spanish schools. The use of the unconventionalized flower motifs with the Moorish fret and linear design is very rare indeed.



A Courtyard in Moorish Spain

The story of

A MOUNTAINEER'S GIFT OF GRATITUDE

which inspired *THE BLUE RIDGE

THE true natural beauties of the more remote sections of the Blue Ridge mountains will probably never become known to the rank and file of Americans unless they are of as adventurous spirit as the Firth artist who was assigned to search the Eastern sector for design inspirations.



Stopping overnight, in one of the rustic towns far in the fastness of the mountains, it seemed to him, from the actions of the people that they were neither used to seeing "furriners" in these parts, nor were they particularly glad to do so. Tales of where the mountain folk had expressed their resentment for strangers in very convincing ways were commonly circulated but in spite of it all he was inclined to discount such stories as idle gossip. Nevertheless it soon became evident to our young adventurer that these simple people regarded the professed purpose of his journey as a mask to some other intention dangerous to them. It finally dawned upon him that he was suspected of being a "revenoor."

Due to this, in spite of the friendliness of his overtures, every attempt he made to talk with these people with a view of obtaining some examples of the rugs, at the making of which they are particularly expert, came to nothing. He was in a quandary as to just what to do when Fate came to his rescue.

He had gone to sleep in spite of a sultry, storm threatening night vaguely conscious of the mutterings of nearer approaching thunder. Suddenly he was startled almost out of his wits by two quickly fired shots, one crashing through his window and burying itself in the wall.

Moved by anger, rather than courage, he leaped from his bed and foolishly exposed himself in the window. Nothing happened for a few seconds until he heard some noises below. He felt sure that whoever had fired was coming to attack him at close range and he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Grasping the only available weapon, a heavy chair, he held it above his head, and stood to one side of the door.

The footsteps came up the stairs and halted before his door. A knock!—and to his inquiry as to who was there came the voice of the landlord bidding him open. Trustingly the artist opened the door and there the poor old fellow stood with tears in his eyes.

"They have just done away with my oldest son," he sobbed. "This old family feud has wiped out almost all my kin. Won't you come down and see what you can do for my boy? He may not be dead."

Our traveler followed the old man down to the little office where, upon a cot, lay the son. An examination showed that he was still alive but must reach a hospital without delay. The artist offered to drive the wounded man over the tortuous roads to the nearest hospital thirty miles distant but was much surprised when the old man hesitated to accept, saying "I'm afraid you'd never make it. What, with this storm coming on and those "others" outside, you wouldn't get more'n a mile or so."

The artist's first impulse was to agree but then the desperate condition of the young man outweighed all other considerations and he insisted on carrying the boy to the car.

It is very unlikely that this man will ever forget that terrible ride through the wild, storm-beaten hills. The lightning was striking all around and at many places along the road it was necessary to get out and clear away debris of the storm. Finally the hospital was reached and the wounded man cared for, and, due to an emergency operation, had a good chance to recover.

Needless to say that when our artist returned to the little mountain town he was received as a friend and treated with all the hospitality these humble people have at their disposal.

The old inn keeper was instrumental in his procuring the splendidly made rug from which Firth created "The Blue Ridge" of the International Hooked floorcoverings.

* Serial Sun-Joy 30 in Firth's International Hook reproductions.



The Blue Ridge

After diligent search and diplomatic assuagement of anti-“furriner” sentiment, this model from which generations of mountaineers copied their handcraft rugs, was brought forth from its Blue Ridge mountain fastness to serve as the inspiration for this intriguing hooked pattern.

The story of the **TRAGIC TAPESTRY** which inspired the design of ***THE DIJON**



WHILE it was the heart's desire of most of the women of Louis' Court to have him "look with favour" upon them, it cannot be said that the lot of those who were evidently in the king's highest regard, was an entirely happy one. There were rumors of strife among the favored ones—of jealousies flaming into violence and even attempts by the different partisans of each, quietly to do away with those more successful who stood in their way to power.

The noble lady around whom this tale unfolds had best remain unrevealed for her descendants still hold honored positions in the public life of France.

Of all the women in this lavish court she was the most frequently in the aged king's company and, therefore, the most sought after to use her obvious influence.

Her sincere affection for the king caused her to be bold and she poured out her heart to him. She told him how he was being victimized and of the disloyalty and avarice of those with whom he was surrounded.

Looking into her beautiful tear-filled eyes, the king raised her up from her knees and kissed her gently on the cheek—a mark of regained favor.

The privacy in which the king had received his mistress was violated in the person of one of the most avaricious intriguers in the court who had concealed himself effectively in the enormous room. At the first safe opportunity he fled and informed his fellow conspirators.

One of them was selected to go immediately to the king to slander and undermine the favorite—he was to dwell on the fact that she evidently, from what she was overheard to say at court, mistrusted the intelligence of the king and his capacity to rule.

In a senile rage, the king sent for her.

She came happily, thinking perhaps that he wished the joy of her company but upon seeing the monarch's face she knew better.

He accused her of all he had heard and permitting her no defense, summarily ordered her exiled.

She took a simple cottage in a mountain town in Switzerland where with one servant she prepared to spend the rest of her life. One day, while walking in her garden, think-

ing of the poor old king, she came upon a spider busily weaving his web. She became fascinated as she observed the infinite patience with which he spun the gossamer pattern of his home and the beauty of its design.

"Ah," she thought, "if I could only find some work which would interest me as much!"

A few days later, on one of her infrequent visits to the village nearby she observed an old woman busily working with a needle on a large piece of material upon which she was sewing with many beautiful colored threads.

The old woman told her that this was a type of tapestry that her grandmother had taught her to make. She showed the "noble lady" the intricacies of the fascinating art.

The next few weeks flew like wildfire for our heroine; so absorbed was she in this wonderful method of handmade tapestry that she almost forgot the sorrows of her present predicament.

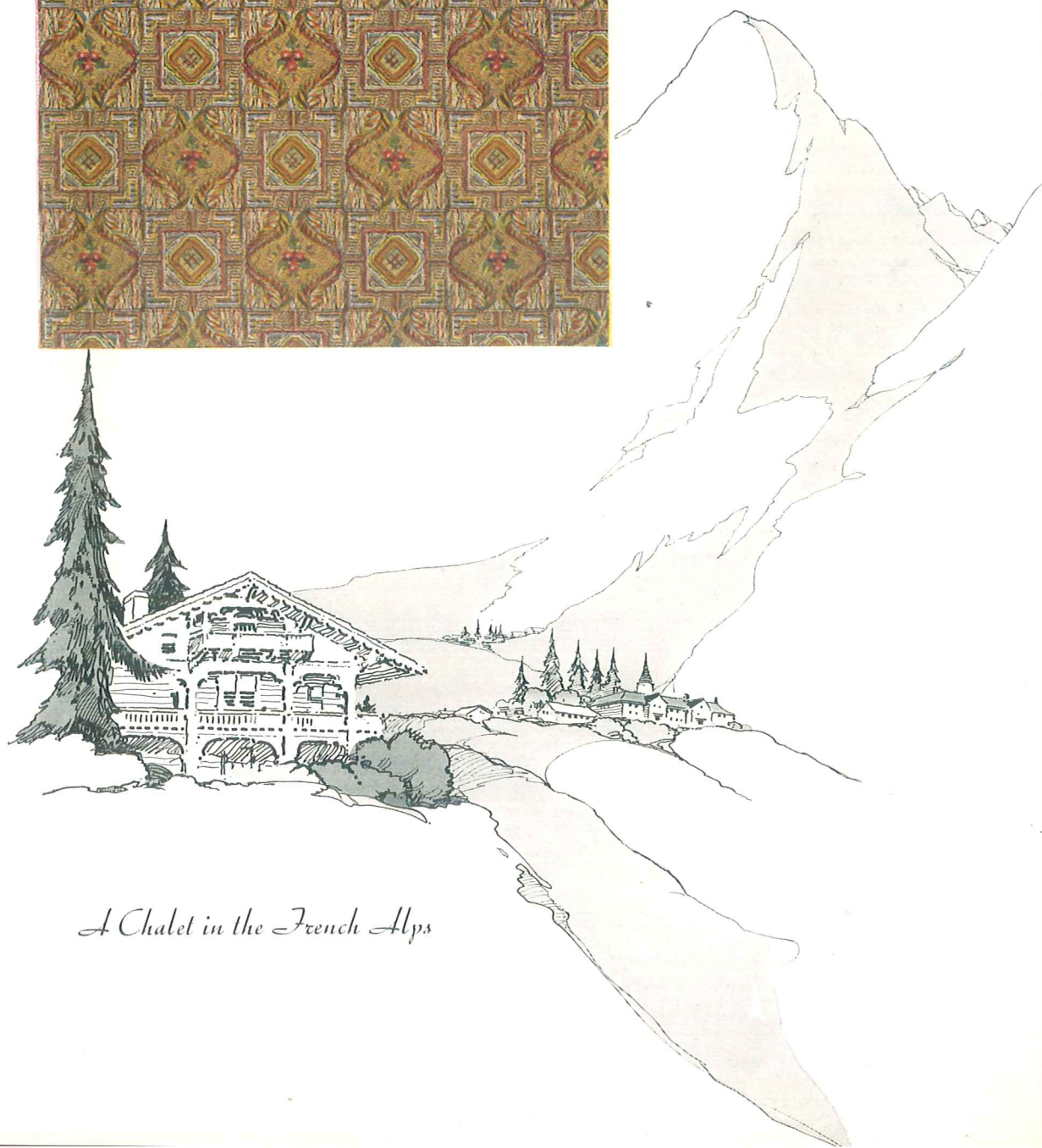
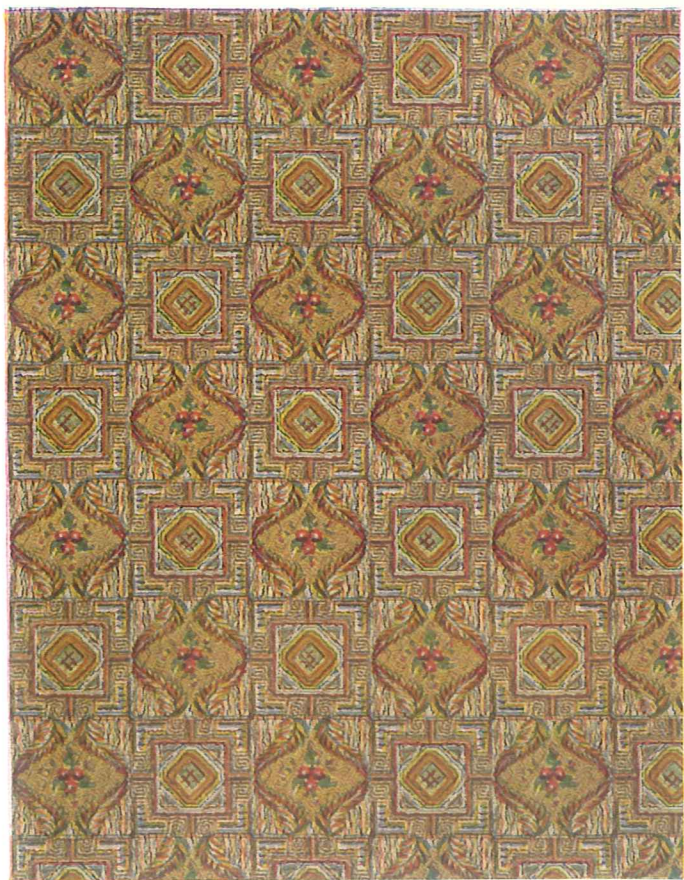
Knowing Louis' love of the beautiful and unusual, she undertook to make him a tapestry which she hoped would be a convincing and unusual tribute of her regard.

One day as she was preparing to complete this labor of love, a party of richly dressed men came to her door. Posing as emissaries of a repentant king who sought to make amends for the wrongs he had done her, her relentless enemies gained admittance and proceeded to carry out the cruel purpose of their journey, no less than three of them plunging their cruel rapiers into her delicate breast. Some hours later a terrified servant found her pitiful remains.

The tapestry and other things she had treasured because of their association with the happy days spent with the king, eventually found their way into the custody of the Museum Commission of Paris which offered them for public sale, after they had chosen such pieces as were of national interest for display in the Louvre.

A member of the Firth organization who resides in Paris obtained the hand-made tapestry around which this story is written and a beautiful copy known as "The Dijon," of Firth's International Hooked floorcovering group, effectively reproduces the original.

* Serial Sun-Joy 31 in Firth's International Hook reproductions.



A Chalet in the French Alps

The Dramatic **ACQUIRING OF THE RUG**

which inspired ***BRIGAND'S FAVORITE**

If you look at your map of Asia you will find a place where the Sayan Mountains appear like huge stitches holding Russia and China together. Nestled in these ridges is the Russian town of Biisk. Through this dreary hamlet passes a parade of unhappy mortals. Fleeing Russians pass through it into China, and many Chinese, for reasons best known to themselves, trudge along its muddy streets into the Soviet Union.

This place had an American visitor last year—an agent of the Firth Carpet Company. The hint that attracted this man was a rumor that the fabulous loot from the Imperial Chinese Tombs was crossing into Russia near there. For a piece of gold he learned it would be worthwhile to be at the main gate of Biisk by midnight.

He was there ahead of time, and waited. Out in the distance, he heard the clatter of moving things. The gatekeeper opened the second leaf of his studded door, and the agent stepped aside to allow a train of coolies, pack mules, and covered wagons to enter.

As he neared his hotel he was surprised to see a richly caparisoned litter carried by two exhausted men. At his approach they addressed him in Mongolian, explaining they were a part of the "loot train" which had been *purposely* outdistanced. This conveyance contained the chief favorite of the Chinese bandit-chief.

The agent sensed a "break" and told them to follow him. "Apparently your 'protector' will consider you dead upon the hills, and thus forget his bargain."

At the hotel, when the landlord's objections and protestations had melted before a generous bribe, they were allowed to bring the litter within. Into the glow of the roaring fire stepped a beautiful, delicately featured Russian woman. She was clad in a colorful peasant costume and swathed in rich furs."

"You are surprised to find me a white woman?" she said, and smiled. "Why have you brought me here?"



"You are an American; I can depend upon you. My protector will reward you well for helping me. I am at your mercy." So saying, she stepped back into her litter, drew the curtains and the porter carried it to her room. He too, retired and as he was about to doze off he was brought to his senses by a commotion below. Rushing to the door he found the lower floor filled with a villainous crew of heavily armed bandits. Their leader forced himself through the crowd.

"Where is he?" he shouted. "Where is the American dog who stole my woman? Show him to me!" Looking up, he saw the agent.

"There he is! Seize him!" yelled the chief.

Only the immediate intervention of the unperturbed favorite saved the agent from a "final curtain." A few minutes of excited explanations sufficed to reassure the bandit. The following morning he sent for the agent.

"See before your eyes the wealth of ancient China. Choose a reward for your services."

The poor man, still shaky from his terrifying experience of the night, was completely bewildered by what he saw. Spread out before him were jewels, gold vessels, paintings, pottery, silk and magnificent rugs. Seeing a rug of rare beauty he asked for it.

"Is that all you want?" asked the surprised bandit. "Here. You must have this, and this, and this as well." As he spoke, he forced a bolt of silk, another choice rug and some lovely porcelain on the man. "I value the life of my beloved above *one* old rug." Then the treasure was repacked and started back to China guarded by the marauders.

When the Firth representative had time to collect his senses he was aware that he possessed a wonderful thing. This rug was an exceedingly choice example of antique Chinese design with unique Maygar feeling. Firth weaves it in order that you may have its authentic reproduction to add subtle beauty to the other lovely things in your home. It is known as "Brigand's Favorite" and is Sun-Joy No. 34 of Firth's International "Hooked" Floorcovering line.

* Serial Sun-Joy 34 in Firth's International Hook reproductions.



Brigand's Favorite

The wealth of beauty woven into this fascinating reproduction of an Imperial treasure piece permits new discoveries of harmony and contrast upon every examination. Seldom does a design so conservative in character afford such beauties of subtle handling and lovely color.

The Chinese MARRIAGE DOWRY which inspired *THE TRAGIC LOTUS



IN the great clot of river debris and patient shipping that slows the bleeding waters of the murky Yangtse Kiang, there nudged and jostled a decrepit sampan; its tattered, bamboo-ribbed sails silhouetted against the borean light. To the drudging coolies that scanned the riverscape there was nothing unusual about this common craft—a thousand generations of their forefathers had seen its like come and go with wearying changelessness, but to the young American waiting on an obscure Shanghai dock, this was the most important craft afloat! Why?

Let us go back three months. In his ceaseless search for new adventure our American penetrated into the mysterious province of Tibet to a little, forgotten city which had maintained its threatened existence under the frowning brows of the Kunlun Mountains for many thousands of years. It was a bit of China four thousand years old.

Suddenly his attention was drawn to a commotion ahead. He hurried to see what was happening. There, amidst great excitement, he saw a very old man being set upon by a burly ruffian, evidently the worse for drink. As the brute raised a stout club to deal a crushing blow, the American struck him with all his might. The man fell. Before he could arise, the frightened bystanders regained their courage; one group pounced upon him; another bore the old man away.

No attention whatsoever was paid to his rescuer who continued his walk until he came to what appeared to be the principle house or "City Hall" of the place. Being admitted, he was ushered presently into a room of lovely delicacy. Before him, at a low table, sat the old man he had rescued! He looked up at the foreigner but appeared not to recognize him.

The Mandarin asked what brought him to this place. While he was talking a door opened and a beautiful white girl of about sixteen walked past them and vanished into the shrubbery.

"She is my adopted daughter. The Tragic Lotus is of your race. Her parents were the missionaries who, when they passed away, left her in my care. She is as precious to me

as though she were my own flesh and blood."

Changing the subject he said, "Come tomorrow—I will have tales for you!"

The boy was amazed by the lovely things he beheld, but the most beautiful thing of all was the Mandarin's daughter. And, indeed, when it came time for the guest to leave town, the romance had progressed to the point of engagement.

"You will have to go away," explained the foster-father, "and when she has conformed with the rituals of the community and spent forty days in 'Howdel' (seclusion) she will come to you. When the next moon is full send a boat with instructed crew and she will leave with them."

The next day the prospective groom departed. His first labor in Shanghai was to engage a boat and crew.

After what seemed an eternity, the sampan finally docked, and he rushed forward to embrace his love. She was not aboard! In answer to his mute inquiry the crew told him that in a fight with river pirates, the girl had been killed. He walked the streets in a delirium of sorrow. For weeks he lay ill—not wanting to get well. Nature and time, however, are splendid doctors and eventually he regained his zest for life.

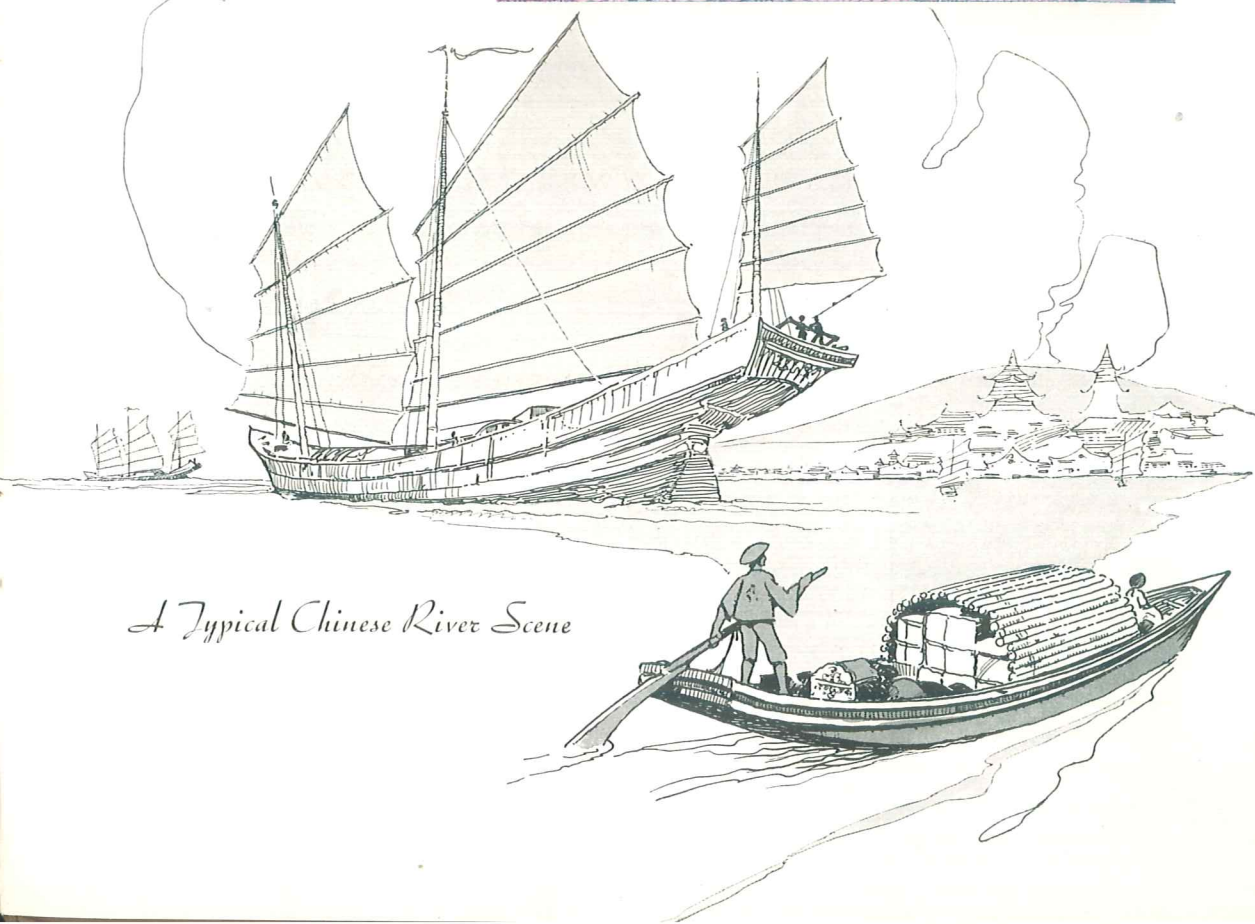
When he was sufficiently improved to take things sensibly, one of his friends asked what he wished done with the boxes and bundles which his departed love had brought with her as a wedding dowry.

"Leave me alone with them," he said.

In the solitude of his lonely room he fondled each lovely thing as it was undone. One of the rare pieces which the doting foster-father had given his beloved daughter was a magnificent rug. When a Firth agent, to whom he had shown it, begged him to permit its reproduction, he refused.

Eventually, however, he was persuaded to part with it long enough for Firth stylists to create their lovely copies for your pleasure. You now may have its romantic loveliness for your floor. It will lend grace and beauty to any interior. It is The Tragic Lotus—Sun-Joy No. 35 of Firth's International "Hook" group.

* Serial Sun-Joy 35 in Firth's International Hook reproductions.



A Typical Chinese River Scene

T H E P A R A D E

Continuing the pageant of International "Hooked" Floor Coverings which Firth has developed for your home are these smaller rugs offered in the desired sizes, to serve in all the many places where throw rugs or rugs of less than room size are needed. These patterns, too, are fruits of the same world-wide pilgrimage of inspiration. A study of the patterns can hardly fail to persuade you that one or more of these lovely "islands of color" should grace your floors.



Chinese Theme

The exacting Chippendale demonstrated his Chinese interpretation at its best in the exceedingly desirable fabric which inspired "Sun-Joy" No. 75, known as the "Chinese Theme". For those whose choice turns toward the traditional in all things decorative, this reproduction provides an opportunity to indulge their flair for the beautiful and the tastefully different. It is emphatically a design of such versatility as to be "at home" in any interior.

The Opera

The congress of rare and beautiful things, with which the Mexican government has embellished the interior of the recently completed National Opera House in Mexico City, includes a memorial gift from the descendants of the Aztec rulers. This ancient ceremonial rug executed in feathers, native hemp and wool, and having a pronounced Spanish feeling, was lent to Firth so that you might have its loveliness for your floor. It is "The Opera"—"Sun-Joy" No. 78.



The Romanesque

Created to soften the regal tread of some long-forgotten king, the rare piece which sired "The Romanesque"—"Sun-Joy" No. 79—now graces its proper place in a great Belgian museum. Firth has recaptured its lustrous glories of color and design. You will find it a most desirable piece both from a practical and a romantic viewpoint.



THE PARADE



The atmosphere of quaint Provence on a visit to Paris is charmingly captured in this re-creation of the early weaver's art.

Bit of Paris

The sparkle, beauty and zest of Paris so influenced the artistic spirit of a gifted French provincial weaver that he successfully translated into the cherished work he left behind the sensitive spirit of that great city, blended with the strength and vigor of his homespun environment. This unusually rare transposition of the French mood makes it worthy of reproduction by Firth. It is known as "Bit of Paris"—"Sun-Joy" No. 72.

THE PARADE



Manchukuo, whose establishment under a puppet emperor was so recently in the public eye, has given us this gracefully lovely example from her peasant looms.

Emperor's Tribute

A Firth representative, viewing the rare treasures presented to the Emperor of Manchukuo on the occasion of his recent coronation, saw the rug which inspired the beautiful reproduction known as the "Emperor's Tribute"—"Sun-Joy" No. 71. Seldom does the noted patience of Oriental craftsmen demonstrate itself more clearly than in this magnificent design. Each examination brings forth new wonders of detail and color combination. It is a rug worthy of being included in this highly individualized group.

THE PARADE

It should be noted that in creating these smaller sizes in its International "Hooked" Floor Coverings, Firth has again departed from tradition in making them available in dimensions which depart from the floor-covering industry's established sizes. This is another pioneering achievement on the part of Firth, undertaken in order that the beauty of the original designs might be preserved without the distortion sometimes occasioned by making them conform to "standard" sizes.

Imperial Fabric

The glow of imperial yellow confined this rare antique fabric to the exclusive use of those set apart to rule. The diligence and meticulous care that is usually associated with all craftsmanship connected with the august household, is evident in the glamorous rug which inspired the "Imperial Fabric"—"Sun-Joy" No. 74.



Tamerlane

Besides the cold hand of unsentimental history cataloguing a thousand heroic moments with one word, there is little else that a conqueror leaves behind. Occasionally, however, some delicate thing survives by its beauty alone; from an age said to be as remote as Tamerlane the Great came the beautiful fragment which Firth has reproduced as "Sun-Joy" No. 82.



Lady Fair

A romantic contest between gay Bohemian spirits living in William Morris' day, to provide a sufficiently beauteous fabric to cushion the twinkling feet of a popular favorite, resulted in the exquisite original which inspired "Sun-Joy" No. 73 known as "Lady Fair". The ingenious balancing of design detail is so cleverly conceived as to emphasize the subtle blending of unusual tones which made the original rug actually a prizewinner.

